

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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ANOTHER THEORY KNOCKED OUT BY A CONDITION.



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A SUFFICIENCY.

DAUGHTER (*sentimentally*).—Ah, Mother! the Summer wanes. How beautifully it dies! Soon we will have the frost—
MOTHER (*who has tried ten seasons to get the girl off her hands*).—Oh, pshaw! You have had nothing but a "frost" all Summer!

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

KANSAS POPULIST.—Why don't you want to go and hear Colonel Gassaway speak? He is a good talker.

SECOND KANSAS POPULIST.—Yes, he's a good talker; but he's such a durn poor quitter.



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MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

"And this," said the gold seeker, bitterly, as he toiled painfully through the deep snow at the rate of five miles a day; "this is what is known as 'the rush to Klondike!'"

WOMEN'S CLUBS—Words.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAK-FAST TABLE—The Cook.

THE BOURBON WAY.

NORTHERN TOURIST (*in Kentucky*).—Did the Law and Order League give the negro a fair trial before they lynched him?

MAJOR GORE.—Yes, suh. The mastuh of ceremonies said: "Gentlemen, thah have been several hogs missing lately; thah is a nigguh and heah is a rope. What is yo' pleasure, gentlemen?" Nothing could have been fairuh, sun!

HIS IMPRESSION.

UNCLE BEN.—I see where they found another of them pigeons—supposed it was Andree's.

UNCLE BILL.—Who is that feller, anyway? A pigeon breeder?

A MOTTO FOR the Machine Politician—"The boys" will be "boys."

THERE IS more or less difference between the proper thing and the right thing.

IT is a great shock to us sometimes to recall some of the things we once thought were funny.



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DOUBLING UP.

MR. MOXSTEIN.—Shtop your shticking your fingers dot vay in your eyes, Ikey! Vot you do dot for, any vay?

MOXSTEIN, JR.—Ven I do dot I sees dis kervarter two times, Popper!



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ELIJAH BROWN'S AMBITION.

ELIJAH BROWN, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse,
And all his time was given up to stanzas and to shoes.
He scorned to live a tuneless life, ingloriously mute,
And nightly laid his last aside to labor at his lute;
For he had registered an oath that lyrical renown
Should trumpet to the universe the worthy name of Brown.
And though his own weak pinions failed to reach the heights of song,
His genius hatched a brilliant scheme to help his oath along;
And all his little youngsters, as they numerously came,
He christened after poets in the pantheon of fame,
That their poetic prestige might impress them, and inspire
A noble emulation to adopt the warbling lyre.
And Virgil Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared,
And Milton Brown and Byron Brown and Shakspeare Brown were reared.
Longfellow Brown and Schiller Brown arrived at man's estate,
And Wordsworth Brown and Goldsmith Brown filled up the family slate.
And he believed his gifted boys, predestined to renown,
In time would roll the boulder from the buried name of Brown.
But still the epic is unsung, and still that worthy name
Is missing from the pedestals upon the hills of fame;
For Dante Brown 's a peddler in the vegetable line,
And Byron Brown is pitching for the Tuscorora nine;
Longfellow Brown, the light-weight, is a pugilist of note,
And Goldsmith Brown 's a deck-hand on a Jersey ferry-boat;
In Wordsworth Brown Manhattan has an estimable cop,
And Schiller Brown 's an artist in a Brooklyn barber-shop;
A roving tar is Virgil Brown upon the bounding seas,
And Tasso Brown is usefully engaged in making cheese;
The cobbler's bench is Milton Brown's, and there he pegs away,
And Shakspeare Brown makes cocktails in a Cripple Creek café!

John Ludlow.



A CHAUTAUQUA DISPUTE.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER.—The mill won't grind with the water that is past.

SECOND PHILOSOPHER.—Ever tried it? That's the way with you—always rushing to conclusions without making experiments.

A CONJECTURE.

HE.—No, I don't know Latin enough to translate that. What is it, anyway?

SHE.—The family motto of the Count de Rougetnoir.

HE.—Oh! Perhaps it means, "Business is business."

A CHANGE.



MOTHER (fifteen years ago).—Clara! Clara! What do you mean? Playing see-saw just like a boy! Remember, you are a girl. Come right out of that disgraceful position!



THE MOTHER (to-day).—Clara, what do you think? Mrs. Stiff-neck said she did n't consider riding a bicycle at all ladylike. Is n't she a crank?



MISTRESS (to new gardener).—Patrick, Bridget has been taken suddenly ill this morning, and the parlor must be swept. Cook has refused to do it. Do you think you can do it?

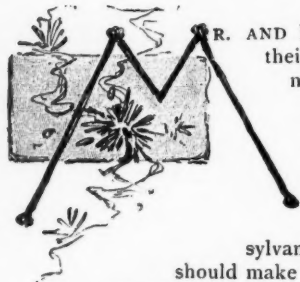


PATRICK (wishing to please).—Shure, Mum, Oi niver swaped a parly befoor, but Oi knows Oi kin do it foine. Jist look at thim paths! Could anny wan swape thim betther?
MISTRESS.—Well, I will let you try it. Be sure you get every speck of dust, and be careful of the carpet, as it is a very valuable one.



PATRICK (at work).—Oi 'll bet me loife, this carpit niver had sich a clanin' since it was put down!

WOMEN'S WAYS.



MR. AND MRS. COLUMBUS FLATTE were rehabilitating their flat after their Summer outing. Mr. Flatte mounted on the step-ladder; Mrs. Flatte handing him things, and directing, from below.

"Do you know, dear," said Mrs. Flatte, stopping to eye herself reflectively in the mantel-mirror, "if I had n't been so positively assured that there never had been such a thing as a mosquito known in the Penn-

sylvania mountains, I should make sure those were

mosquito bites on my forehead.

May be, though, it was lightning bugs. That little farm boy with the straw hat and the overalls, that we got to climb the wild plum-tree for us, said the lightning bugs out there bit 'just awful.'"

"Landlord told me there 'd been three or four mosquitos up there this Summer," answered Columbus, with his mouth full of small hardware; "said he guessed that family from Trenton must have brought them; said he 'd never seen one before; in fact, would n't know one when he did see it. I asked him if he 'd ever heard one. He said, 'No,' for he was subject to nervous attacks of deafness, caused by taking quinine for malaria, when he lived in Sullivan County, New York."

"That reminds me," said Alicia; "I asked the landlady about that case of the old gentleman who had malaria over in the south wing, and she said it wasn't malaria at all. I asked her what it was, then, and she did n't say; but she hinted that it was jealousy. Some of the other ladies said he always had a bad spell whenever there was anything going on, so as to keep his young wife out of the parlor."

Columbus emptied his mouth, placing the contents on the top of an *étagère*, dropped the hammer on the floor, and seated himself on the step-ladder.

"I don't know why it is, Alicia," said he; "but you and I, two comparatively harmless and unimportant people, whenever we go into a strange place, seem to immediately

cause some appalling changes in the climatic workings of Nature. The Summer we went to Denver on our wedding trip, they had rain where it had never been known before. The year we went to the Mardi Gras, in New Orleans, they had snow, the first in thirty-five years; two years ago, at the seaside, was the coldest ever known on the Maine coast; last Summer was the hottest on record in the Berkshire Hills; this year, the wettest in the Pennsylvania mountains, and so on. Not only is this the case on testimony of the very best authority, the people who have lived in these places all their lives, but we seem to carry a blight upon all vegetation, and to controvert the established habits of animals. Peach crops fail; apples turn sour and gnarly; small fruits grow scarce, or disappear; melons refuse to ripen; hens cease to lay; cows to give milk; dogs take to biting, horses to kicking and running away; and, worst of all, we seem like some species of evil fairy, to call into existence all forms of malicious insects; cause serpents to climb hills, and polecats to secrete themselves on dry, shelving rocks, above mighty chasms, and —"

"Well, I'm sure Columbus," interrupted Alicia, almost tearfully, "nobody need say any of those dreadful things about you, for a dearer, kinder man than you never lived; Bridget says so, too; and so thoughtful not to forget the cheese on your way home, and you getting so fat—I'll tell you what we'll do next Summer: we'll lay down matting in New York, and stay at home."

"We shall lose the respect of the janitor and have to move in the Fall if we do," said Columbus, as he resumed his work among the Autumn leaves and thistle pods.

"Be it so!" said Alicia.

Madeline Orvis.

PLUMES.

She has a very empty head,—
That giddy damsel, yon,—
And yet her head's the only thing
She plumes herself upon.

REASSURING.

NEWLY-MADE WIDOW.—Ah! no one can take John's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart.

FRIEND (brightly).—But you know what they say—there is always room at the top.



WIDE-AWAKE.

FIRST BURGLAR.—It's no use tryin' dat place t'-night, Bill. De man an' his wife went in 'bout an hour ago, an I heerd him tell her he 'd buy her a di'mond necklace to-morrer.

SECOND BURGLAR.—What's dat got t' do wid it?

FIRST BURGLAR.—Plenty! She won't be able t' sleep fer t'inkin' 'bout it, an' he won't sleep fer t'inkin' how he's got t' pay fer it.



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HER SAGE REMARKS.

"I really don't know," modestly began Aunt Philenda Broadhead, speaking in the midst of the group of ladies assembled at the home of Mrs. Judge Tubman, for the laudable purpose of concocting garments for, and otherwise ameliorating the pitiful and undone condition of, the lost and pantsless heathen in the Bamalam Islands, "that I can say anything appropriate to the occasion and helpful to the cause for which we are laboring to-day. But, since I have been asked to say a few words, and, as everybody else has been telling their excellent theories, I'll do the best I can.

"I have lived a good many years in this world of trials and tribulations—longer, I expect, than anybody else here will own up to—and have learned a considerable number of profitable truths from the various experiences I have gone through. I have had three as good husbands as a woman ever possessed snatched away from me, one after another, by the cold and remorseless hand of death; and, also, a fourth husband that I

really can't in conscience say as much for; and, through my somewhat extended acquaintance with men in the capacities of both lovers and husbands, I have learned at least two facts which I can't help believing are worth the time of any woman, married or single, to memorize.

"The first is, that husbands are a great deal like lobsters, in, at least, one respect—they've got to be kept in hot water a spell before they will shell out properly. The other great truth is what you might call a paradox. It is that if a woman wants to catch a man, she should never pursue him."

When the speaker had concluded, the good matrons and maidens, both fresh and antique, unanimously applauded her remarks, and none remembered that the pantsless heathen in far-off Bamalam had not been touched-up at all.

Tom P. Morgan.

IN NEW JERSEY.

WHAT WAS our loss in that attack?" asked the mosquito in command.
 "One hundred and two killed and nine wounded," replied the subordinate.
 "A trifling loss," said the leader; "and all but three of the enemy have retreated from the balcony. Charge again, gallant comrades, and we'll capture the hotel!"

NATURAL TO ASK.

MRS. VON BLUMER.—I bought a lot of things at the bargain counter yesterday.

MRS. PLANKINGTON.—Did you get anything you wanted?

IT is consoling to reflect that there is a silver lining to the cloud; but it is even more consoling to be able to get in out of the wet.

CLERICAL NOTE.

A GROCER 's like a clergyman,
 Though farce the notion borders;
 For neither one can go to work
 Until he's taken orders.

An angler who has wed a scold
 Is like a folding-bed;
 For, when he fain would lie in peace,
 He gets shut up instead.

"All the world 's a stage." Thus once
 Did Shakspeare's fellows feel.
 It only shows how times do change—
 Now all the world 's a-wheel.

F. E. Pratt.



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THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

MR. NEWHOUSE.—Confound it all! That 's just the way! It 's my special delight to play with this hose; but, just as sure as I commence to use it, up comes a shower!



"THE PLEDGES OF YESTER-YEAR."

THREE GLOBES hang over mine uncle's door,—
Three gold globes on a golden stem—
And my youth looks back as I lounge once more
High up in this garret and gaze at them!
My youth, long lost, with its joys and pains,
Looks back for a peep at the pawnshop near:
The dream, like a ticket run out, remains,
But where are the pledges of yester-year?

Mine uncle sits in his old-time place;
Shelves well-laden around him lie:
He waxeth old, but his wrinkled face
Has the genial cunning of days gone by.
I think of the very first night we met;
When "broke" was I, and my soul was drear:
He took my watch—does he wind it yet?
Ah! where are the pledges of yester-year?

My mandolin next with its tinkling strings,
On a thirsty noon to mine uncle went;
And my ev'ning clothes to themselves took
wings,
When the landlady sordidly hinted at rent.
Is anyone wearing those garments still?
(They're tattered, and ragged, and frayed,
I fear),
Does anyone sing to the mandolin's trill?
Oh! where are the pledges of yester-year?

We sigh for the Past that we can't renew!
That we can't redeem!—that we can't
forget!
Our youth and our hearts, they were pledges,
too,
Our uncles are callously keeping them yet.
Mine uncle sits over the way to-night,
And I, with my burden of cares, sit here,
The three gold globes, as of old, are bright—
But where are the pledges of yester-year?

L'ENVOY.

Uncle! I wis we are waxing old—
Still remain to us days of cheer,
I with my flagon—and you with your gold!
But gone are the pledges of yester-year.

Gerald Brennan.

THE SMART man does n't know all that people think he knows, but he knows a good many other things.



THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

HE (*cheerfully*).—Oh! I'll get that pond lily!
SHE (*sharply*).—What you'll get is a mud bath, and you'll look
more ridiculous then than you do now!

SHOWED HIS WAY OF LIFE.

FIRST BOARDER.—Is n't that jockey a little fellow?
SECOND BOARDER.—Wonder where he boards?

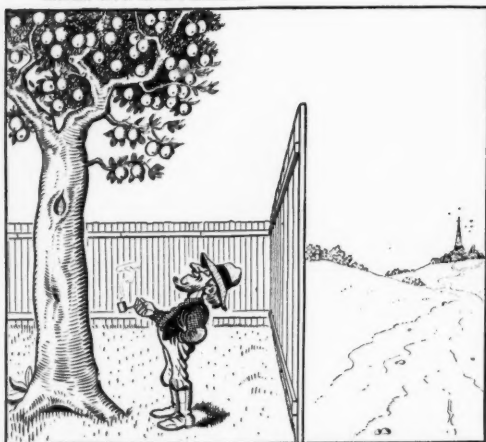
FROM THE MELODRAMA.

"You are a thorn in my path!" repeated the hero, scornfully.
"Ay! and worse!" thundered the villain; "bicycle crank that you
are, I will be a tack in your path!"

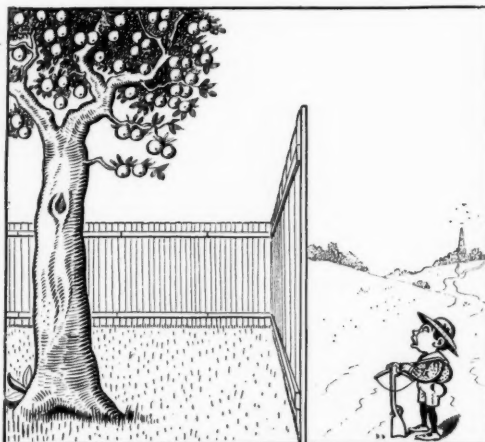
HIS IDEA.

ISAACS.—Did you efer look into dis peezezness of purglary inzurance?
COHENSTEIN.—Vot is der scheme? Do you get insuredt undt den
commidt purglary on your own premises?

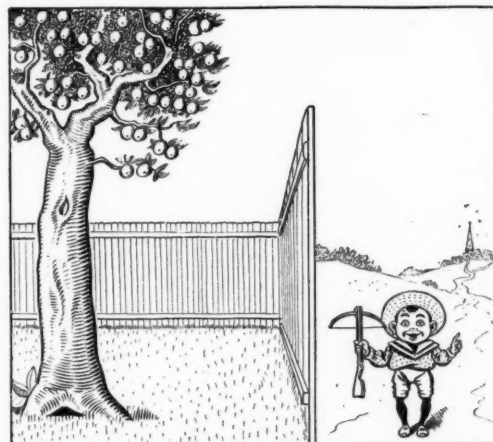
OVER THE FENCE IS OUT.



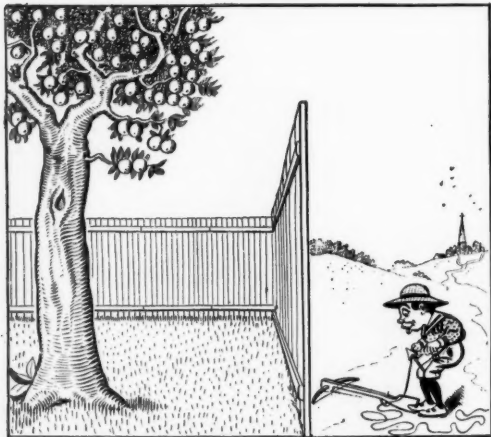
I.
FARMER HARDACRE.—Wa-al! If thet hain't th' finest tree-full of apples I ever seed in all my experience. Th' best of it all is thet fence is too high for any one to climb over, and there hain't an apple that will drop outside.



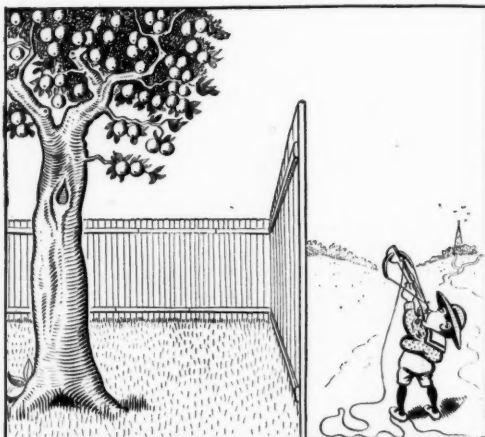
II.
THE BOY.—Oh, say! Just look at dem nice, big, red apples. I can't climb dat fence, an' dere ain't an apple dat will drop outside. Guess I'll have to say "Sour grapes."



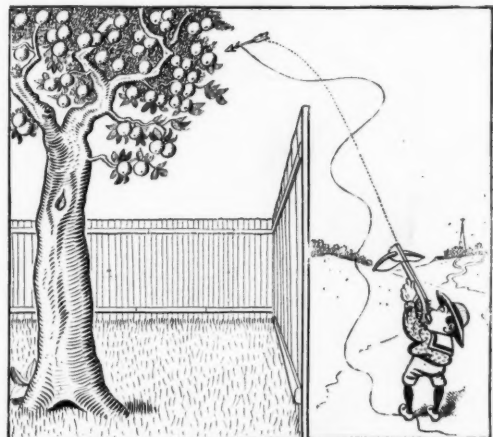
III.
"Dem must be as big as de apples Willy Tell—Willy Tell! By crackey, dat puts a idea in my head! I'm called the Tell of this neighborhood."



IV.
"Now, just wait till I tie a string onto this arrer."



V.
"This will be sure to strike an apple, they is so thick."



VI.
"Over she goes!"



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A LESSON FROM THE FIELDS.

THE PLENTIEOUS crops and the high prices have doubtless been better medicine for the Silverites than all the sound money preaching of the last campaign. The logic of argument may appeal in vain where conditions appear to belie it; but when logic and the conditions get together and push, something must fall. Last year the Silverite's cry was that, without his remedy, the farmer could not have a fair price for his wheat. Mr. Bryan, we believe, reduced the situation to an epigram, reciting that a bushel of wheat and an ounce of silver were ordained by Nature to be equal each to the other. "Wheat can not rise until silver rises," said Mr. Bryan, in that pose of easy omniscience for which he became remarkable. But the cure-all was not applied, and yet the farmer has found relief. In a spirit of lawlessness that must smell unmistakably of anarchy to Mr. Bryan, silver and wheat started impetuously in opposite directions, and they are still moving. Sympathy is not unnatural for any man who is forced to see his pet theory outraged by facts; but compensation is to be found in this case in the new light upon economics which must be flooding minds heretofore darkened. The farmer may still feel that he is carrying a burden, but he will learn when he takes his crop to market that it was not a hundred-cent dollar.

THE HOSTILE CANADIANS.

THE ATTITUDE of the Dominion Government toward American miners who are flocking to the Klondike is inhuman and unchristian, such as ought to make every loyal American boil with resentment. We don't see just how or why. In fact, we should n't have thought it ourselves, but we find an assurance to this effect in the columns of a highly esteemed contemporary. It is printed quite near to an editorial lauding the virtues of our new tariff law. The exaction of a royalty on all gold taken out is bad enough, it

seems; but unspeakably heinous is the levying of a tax upon the tools, provisions, etc., which loyal Americans buy in their own country for their work in the Canadian mines. Those villainous Canadians, it seems, believe in building up their home market by taxing everything foreign that invades it. The result is a vicious and shameless imitation of our own magnificent system of taxation, and what would our own system avail us if it were copied by all the world? We get the impression from the contemporary in question that Americans of the right kind will not submit tamely to this imposition, and that, in fact, something ought to be done about it. It is our own inalienable right to build a Chinese wall around ourselves; but if other nations claim the same privilege how are we going to sell them our goods? President McKinley has declared that "the maker must find a taker," but what recourse have we if our neighbors servilely copy our own policy and refuse to be takers? It is exceedingly irritating to have our ox gored by these revengeful foreigners.

THE RED MAN'S DOOM.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN is hereby banished from the realms of romance. Of course he has long since quit them; but this official notice is deemed necessary, lest some ill-advised teller of tales should try to bring him back. We endured his unpicturesque submission to exotic clothing as he loafed about the railway stations of the Far West and smoked cigarettes; we put up with his incursions into base-ball and foot-ball; we only sympathized with his self-conscious, shamefaced bearing as he goaded the decrepit and moth-eaten buffalo about the arena of the Wild West show under a spluttering fire of blank cartridges; we yet stood by him when news came that a Chief in Western New York had embezzled the fund of tribal wampum intrusted to him, just like a paleface bank cashier; and our respect even survived the rumor that he was patronizing the divorce courts of South Dakota. Despite these blotches upon his fame he preserved a certain dignity by dressing-up in his war-paint from time to time and scaring our War Department. But the behavior of Mr. Flying Antelope, of Perry, Oklahoma, is one burden over our capacity. Mr. Antelope took him a bride some months ago. He did not go to a paleface Justice of the Peace for his ceremony, but used the ancient rites of the Arapahoes. He said this had been the way of his ancestors ever since the first Arapahoe came out of the rising sun, and that it was a heap better than the paleface way of getting married. As he persisted in his course of heathenish immorality and stolidly refused to be married in the only right way, he and his bride were arrested and arraigned before the Probate Court of Perry. The culprit had one chance left to redeem his race. If he had broken loose in court with the yell that means killing, swiftly detached the scalps of the Probate Judge and Prosecuting Attorney and took the trail back to his wigwam with his bride, this edict would not have been issued. But, instead, he and his bride meekly received a sentence of thirty days in jail. Hence this proscription. The sanctity of the home must and shall be preserved, even in Perry, Oklahoma. And, besides, what kind of Fourth-reader literature could be made out of the red man's defense to such charges?

CRIMINAL DERELICTION.

MUGGINS. — I stopped taking the *Daily Toot*, and subscribed for the *Howler* to-day.

MRS. MUGGINS. — Why did you do that?

MUGGINS. — The *Toot* has no enterprise. It came out twice last week without any new war rumors.

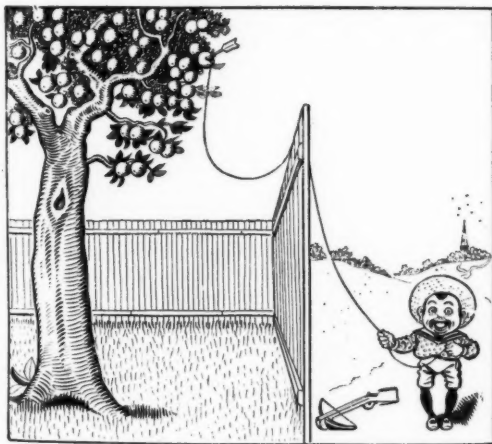
WHEN WE say that a man is not open to argument it usually means that we could n't convince him.

THE RACE WAS TO THE SWIFT ALONE.

HIGGINS. — I understand the Spanish forces have had a run of success.

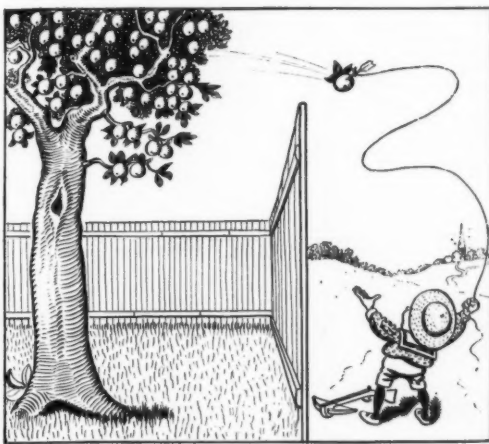
WIGGINS. — Yes; I read about it. They had to run pretty fast, however.

WHEN WOMEN get to be angels they doubtless learn eventually to prefer playing the harp to standing around and talking in a loud voice while somebody else plays.



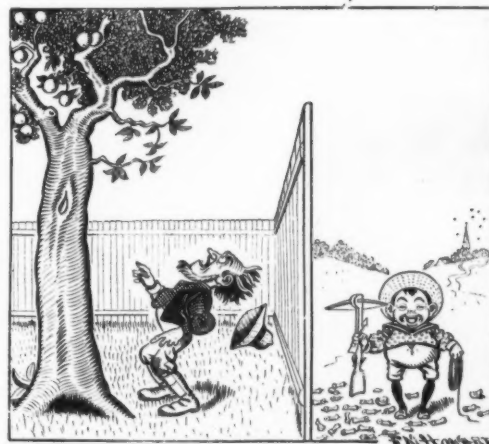
VII.

"Oh, say! Ain't dat easy?"



VIII.

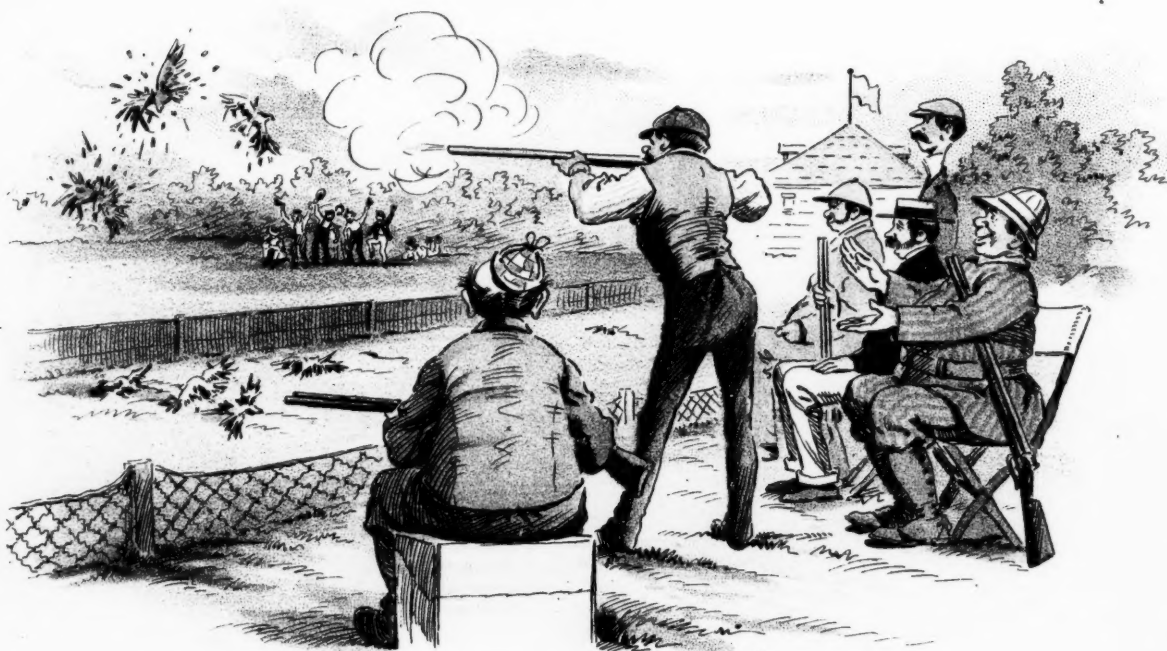
"The only thing about it is it's so easy I'm afraid I'll make myself sick."



IX.

FARMER HARDACRE a few hours later. — Wa-al, I'll be gol derned! Was I crazy or am I crazy? I certainly did see a couple dozen more apples on that tree a few hours ago. I can't understand it. No one could have stolen them, for I've been workin' in this orchard all the time.

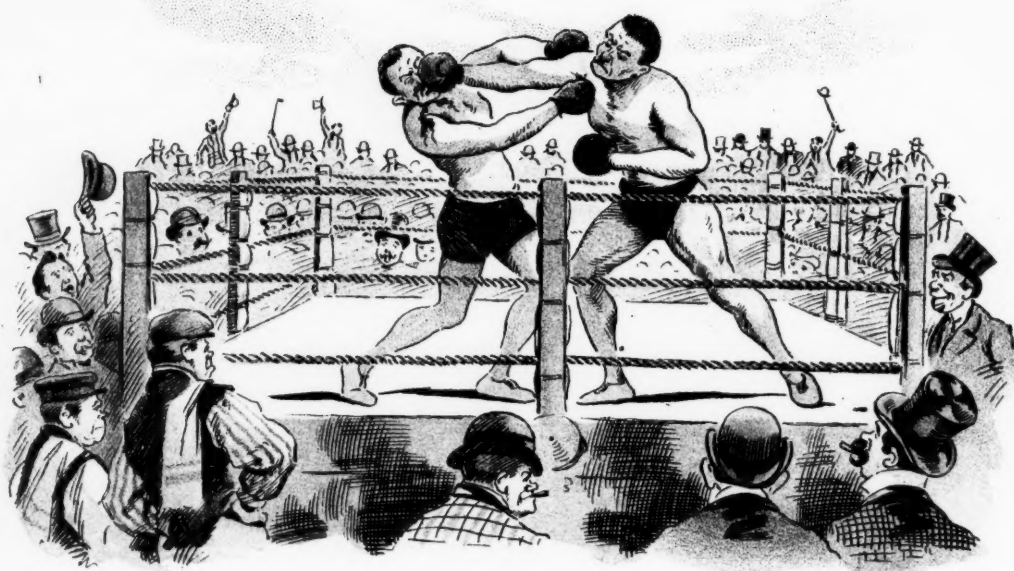
THE BOY. — Say! I guess I've got enough for this day.



The refined and elegant amusement of shooting live pigeons.



The noble sport of cock-fighting.



The manly art of bruising.

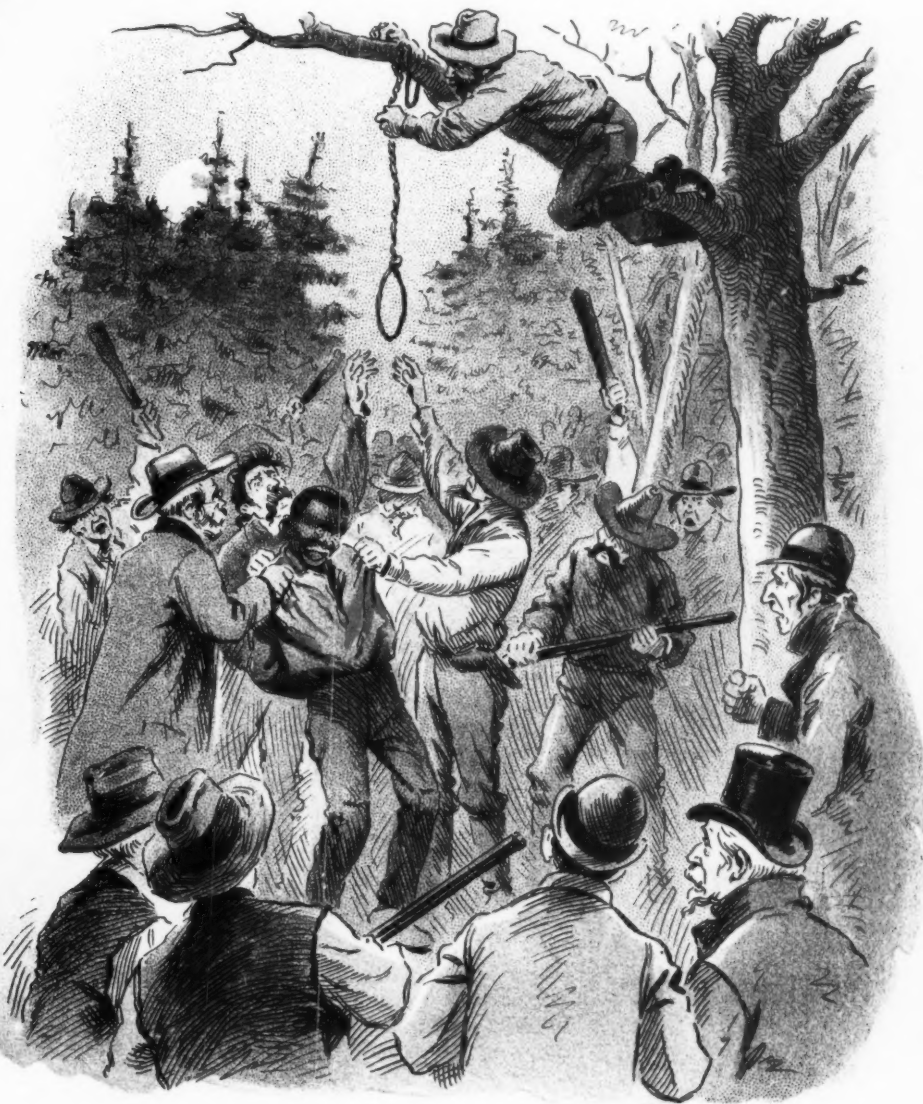


And yet Uncle Sam is also giving

OUR "CIVILIZED



A political cartoon by E. Brian. It depicts a man in a dark, heavy coat and a hat, carrying a large, light-colored box. The box has the text "TO SAVE THE HEATHEN OF FOREIGN LANDS" written on it in bold, capital letters. The man is also carrying a large, dark, patterned bag or sack over his shoulder. The cartoon is signed "E. Brian" in the bottom right corner. The style is a classic black and white line drawing with cross-hatching for shading.



n is also giving money to "save the Heathen."

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SPIRITS.

"Oh, let my spirit by spirits be taught to write
Above a mortal pitch!"



NONE, perhaps, is better qualified to write of spirits than myself, for no one has seen more of them. Spirits are the shades of night, and they are not to be found by day even with the aid of a spirit lamp.

Once spirits were a bold, happy and aggressive race, but lately they seem a good deal dispirited. Formerly people did not insist on seeing spirits at all, while now a distinguished spirit may be called to attend several seances on a single evening in New York, and, anon, as Night flaps her black wings westward, he may have to answer the peremptory summons of a number of amateur spiritualists in Sacramento, California. In England, marriages with ill-favored but rich American women have led to the rebuilding of ruinous castles, until the old ghosts know not their ancestral halls; the young, ill-fated Countess is no longer able to find the Fatal Room in the Old Wing, and she has ceased to wring her hands and make copy for Blackwood's. And this is a skeptical age, and many spirits are

dead from exposure; ghosts have lost their spirits, and spirits have given up the ghost.

I once attended a seance in Mayville, Ky. It was to be a gathering of only the most distinguished from either side of the Styx (a stream which is growing narrower year by year), and in order that the galaxy of genius might be unmarred, the host and his family were to absent themselves for the night. Even in my dream this struck me as a very practical and impracticable idea. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and others were to be present—choice spirits all.

The people of the world came first. We had with us that best of mediums for good spirits, a demijohn of ancient Kentucky rye. Presently we were boon companions—the rest of the world but strangers. Another demijohn was brought in, and upon the empty one its yellow lights gleamed through the wicker in merry scorn. We talked of the expected trans-Stygian guests.

"It needs a peculiar kind of courage for an event like this," said a man.

"Yes; a kind of Dutch courage." In the vertigo of laughter following this jest (which was the writer's), the bell rang, and the butler announced a spirit from Spirit Lake, Iowa. "Take off your raps," said we.

Daniel Webster was announced. "Does your tongue still cleave to the roof of your mouth?" we asked.

"Why, yes!" said Daniel.

"Then take something to loosen it," we cried.

"Why, yes!" said Daniel.

In the midst of the hilarity Lewis Cass was announced, and we told him that we drank at his cost. "Why is that?" inquired Lewis.

"*Qui casse paie*," we shouted with a keenness of wit which the words do not seem to corroborate.

A dozen spirits came trooping in, among them Henry Clay. "Good evening, Henry," we cried, and we added: "Make it a round on Henry."



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THE MAIN POINT.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—John, are you going to church to-day or are n't you?
MR. NEWLYWED (*absently*).—Who's going to pitch?



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FREEDOM'S FIELD.

REUBEN RAILFENCE.—What do you think about this here thing of givin' women their rights equal with men?

HENRY HARROW.—Puffectly proper. I give 'em to my wife. I have that blessed woman out in the field to work as soon as her breakfast work is done up.

To this Mr. Clay replied with a conventional witticism, when a deep voice broke forth: "An ancient jest, Mr. Clay, and did the chestnut bell with iron tongue and brazen mouth sound one unto the drowsy race of night it would sound one on you." It was Webster speaking. He had put on his large silk hat. We cheered, and remarked: "Yes; that's certainly one on you, Henry." In the uproar following this popular remark Clay made a retort that could not be heard, but we cheered him none the less, and said: "Right you are, Henry; Daniel, that puts 'em on you."

Clay now took the floor and asked that the debate of Mr. Webster and himself be printed in the *Congressional Record*, and that under the rules they be accorded six fortnights for interpolating ready repartee. We told them they could have six years.

"I should like to call up Julius Caesar," said a classical youth. Immediately the great spirit stood before us. "Do you prefer to converse in Latin?" asked the youth, nervously.

"I used to speak your language," said a man; "and, if you still furnish a key, have at you."

"The literary Latin," said Caesar, "was a little tough for the best of us. In ordinary conversation (as scholars now know) we used English. I suggest, therefore, that we make it a pony apiece."

A young army man said: "Ah! so you were once in the Service, Mr. Caesar? Do you think infantry should wear a white stripe on their ter-routers?"

"Do you not consider," said a newspaper paragrapher, "that letters are showing a great advancement?"

Then, in his mantle muffling up his face, great Caesar fell.

Williston Fish.

WOMAN IS perfect imperfection.

TO HER — APOLOGETICALLY.



I.
LONG BENEATH thy window, Sweet,
To sing and sigh;
Men did such things in golden days,
And why not I?

II.
A minstrel wrapped him in his cloak
And turned his lute
To sweetness, till the whole world lay
In rapture mute.

III.
Shall I do so? On mandolin
I play but illy,
And gardens now, at midnight's hour,
Are damp and chilly.

V.
And, then, another point or two
I fain would show 'em;
I'd have an editor in view
To buy my poem.

IV.
So far as verses go I'll match
Those early lubbers;
But should I sing thy matchless praise
I'd wear my rubbers.

VI.
Let not my careful passion, then,
Move you to laughter;
Remember, men are scarce and need
Much looking after.

G. D. G.



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THE LAST RESORT.

FRIEND. — Ef I had sech a 'stravagant gal as dat, I'd brek off de engagement.

THE FIANCEE. — Can't do it! 'Yo' doan' know dat gal.

FRIEND. — Wal, den, de only way to stop it is to marry her?

HE WAS NOT SO WARM.

"No," said the man with the large head; "I can't say that I think very much of the fox in the old fable of 'The Fox and the Grapes.' It is recorded of him that, after trying to get the grapes by every way that his ingenuity could suggest, he finally turned up his nose and said, 'Oh! I don't care; they're sour, anyway.'"

"Now, if that fox had any really commendable wisdom in his triangular skull he would have looked at the grapes blandly and then have announced to the world that they were sweet, but that sweets did n't agree with him; that, owing to the condition of his stomach, he considered it inadvisable to eat anything containing saccharine matter; and that, besides, a properly philosophical fox believed in self-denial and in taking things that were easily at his disposal, instead of trying to climb a trellis to secure attractive but deleterious grapes."

"If he had done that, instead of being the laughing-stock of succeeding generations, he would have stood a good chance of being appointed professor of philosophy in a subsidized university, and of living on yellow-legged chickens for the rest of his natural life."

THE CAMEL differs from the scorcher in that he has no reason to be ashamed of his hump.



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A SURE SIGN.

HENRIETTA. — Do yer t'ink Patsy actually intends ter marry yer?

PENELOPE. — Oh! I'm dead sure uv it! — he slugged me last night fer nuttin' at all!

TOM. — People used to tell me that Harry was the Glass of Fashion.
JACK. — So he was; but now he is broke.



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A JUST COMPLAINT.

THE COOK. — Arrah, Mum! Oi wish ye'd kape out uv the kitchen, entoirely!

THE MISTRESS (*faintly*). — I only wish to make a few biscuits for my husband's supper, Bridget — that's all.

THE COOK (*bursting into tears*). — Oh! that's all, is it? — an' yish-terday avening ye only wantid to "make a few buiscuits for my hoosban's supper," an' Danny Brennan, the cop, got hold av wan av thim boi mishtake an' ate ut; an' God only knows will he iver call here again ut all, ut all!

* WHAT MEANS IT ALL?



SOME who cleaves the circumambient air,
Seeking in azure what it lacks in space,
And sees a young and finely chiseled face
Filled with foretastes of wisdom yet more rare;
Touching and yet untouched — unmeasured grace!
A breathing credo and a living prayer —
Yet, of the earth, still earthy; debonair
The while in heaven it seeketh for a place:

So thy dear eyes and thy kind lips but say —
Ere from his cerements gray Time seems to flit:
"What of the reaper grim with sickle keen?"
And then the sunlight ushers in new day
And for our tasks our bodies seem more fit —
"Might of the night, unfleeting, sight unseen."

* Guesses at the meaning of this lovely and entirely hand-made magazine sonnet should be addressed to the author, and one or more two-cent stamps should accompany each guess. The author reserves the right to make a few guesses himself, although he is not good at riddle solving.

Charles Battell Loomis.

DESCRIBING HIM.

SALLY GAY. — What kind of a fellow is Jack Kissinger?
DOLLY SWIFT. — An osculatory kleptomaniac.

HIS CUSTOM.

SHE. — Dot vas a large party ofer at Rosenbaum's.
HE. — Oh, yes! He always zelebrates der anniversary of his first assignment.

SLOW PAY.

BLACK. — Brown is a very slow-going fellow.
WHITE (whom BROWN owes ten dollars). — And he believes in paying as he goes, too.



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A PHILOSOPHER.

FIRST TRAMP. — Dis sleepin' out nights is tellin' on me constitootion.
SECOND TRAMP. — Well, a man can't keep out o' all sorts o' danger.
Jist t'ink o' de poor unfort'nits what has ter sleep in foldin'-beds!



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A DILEMMA.

VISITOR. — What! He is three months old, and you have n't named him yet?
MRS. WHEELER. — No! You see, it's this way: I want to name him after my bicycle, and John insists on naming him after his. I guess we will have to compromise and name him after the wheel Mother rides.

DIFFICULT RETROSPECTION.

"My friends," exclaimed the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes, and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?"

"A rubber neck!" shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room; and, in the confusion which followed, the good man lost his place in his manuscript, and began over again.

AN OPINION.

"What is the liveliest thing in Brooklyn?"
"The New York papers."

THE PÆAN OF THE PICKA-NINNY.

A 'RISTOCRAT with cash,
Is Cunnel Buck Lamar;
Has a big moustache,
Smokes a fine cigar.
On his way to court,
'Fraid of burning it,
Does n't smoke up short —
Dat 's de butt I git!
Watch me cut a dash,
Like Cunnel Buck Lamar,
With his big moustache —
Dis was his cigar!

R. L. M.

LETHAL.

"You have forgotten yourself!" they exclaimed.

The Chicago girl pressed her hand to her brow.

"My face seems familiar," she muttered confusedly; "but I can't speak my name just at the moment."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"What's the meaning of the sudden change in Bustid? He seems to be living now in a blaze of splendor. What has he struck?"

"A match with an heiress."

THEIR STATUS.

"The Dey of Algiers is a very short man, is n't he?"

"I believe so."

"Then it would be true to say that the people of Algiers are as honest as the Dey is long."



LEGAL ADVICE.

MRS. DE TEMPER.—I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away?

LAWYER.—His life is insured in your favor, is n't it?

"Yes; I made him do that before we married."

"Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is."—*New York Weekly.*

COBREY.—If your town should vote in favor of prohibition, how would you get your beer?

CABERLY.—By the keg.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

JOHN WANAMAKER says he "can not sit on a fence." If John is as bad as that, he had better change his bicycle saddle.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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It sometimes occurs that a man's financial standing depends on his booty.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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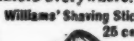
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CITY FRIEND (reassuringly).—Oh, yes, there is! Wear gum boots; or, why not build bridges around it?

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DO not drink foreign Champagnes. YOU will find better at home. DRINK Cook's Imperial Champagne.

GOTHAM VALUES.

PHILADELPHIAN.—I suppose everything is pretty dear in New York, is n't it? Nothing cheap there?

NEW YORKER.—Nothing cheap, except life.—*New York Weekly.*

TAKING off your hat to the flag is not a convincing proof of good citizenship. Paying bills is a better one.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

SHE.—What is dog in German?

HE.—Frankfurter, I believe.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE idea of suffering in silence! That takes all the pleasure from it.—*West Union Gazette.*

If you feel that you must give advice, become a lawyer or a doctor, and sell it.—*Atchison Globe.*

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 SECOND PATRIOT. — What kind o' man is he?
 FIRST PATRIOT. — Us boys called on 'im last night fer ter talk things over, and I've gotter splittin' headache this mornin'.
 SECOND PATRIOT. — I'm fer 'im. — *New York Weekly.*

MINER. — So you have just returned from Klondike, eh?
 CLAIMER. — Yes.
 MINER. — What is the principal game played in that country?
 CLAIMER. — "Freeze out." — *Norristown Herald.*



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THE HOME THRUST.

I.
 The grizzled old Maitre d'Arms,
 Feels the spell of his fair pupil's charms;
 With a bow he'll advance
 In the manner of France,
 And quiet her girlish alarms.

II.
 He says: "One, Two, Three!
 Mad'mazelle, now vatch me;
 Keep your eye on the end of your foil;
 Salute and commence,
 Ah! ze science of fence,
 Res gained but by infinite toil!"

III.
 Encouraged, the maid
 Flashes her blade;
 Her thrusts some two minutes apart;
 The Master is charmed
 By her skill — and alarmed
 And declares he is "pierced to the heart!"

IV.
 The dear old humbug
 Gives his shoulders a shrug,
 And inwardly swears 't is no lie;
 But, in sooth, while the maid
 Thinks he speaks of her blade,
 The old gallant means her bright eye!

R. L. M.

A NEW VOCATION.

JIMMY FARMERBOY. — Dad, I'm goin' into the city an' git a job.

THE OLD MAN. — Wa-al, what would you dew in the city?

JIMMY. — Oh! there's lots o' them roof gardens I've heern tell on. Guess I might git sumthin' tew dew weedin' out some o' them. — *Detroit Free Press.*

BEFORE a man and woman are married, they argue a question; after they are married, they dispute about it. — *Atchison Globe.*

HE. — Is there anything I can do for you to make life brighter?

SHE. — Yes, Tom; turn down the gas. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

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GIRLS should show less fear of a mouse, and more of a man.—*Archives Globe.*

BICYCLISTS are entitled to some consideration; that is, all of them, except the riders, who, after they have run you down, ring their bells for you to get out of the way.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

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OVERDOES IT.
She likes to change her mind so much,
It really is a shame;
She does it to such great extent
She can not change her name.


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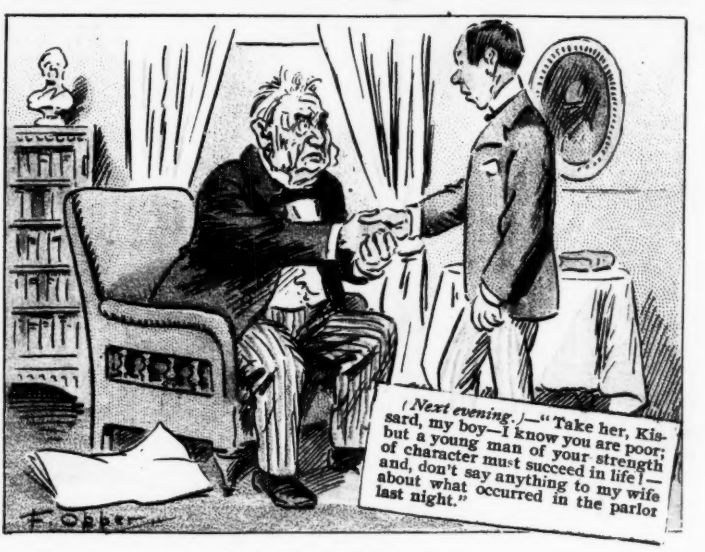
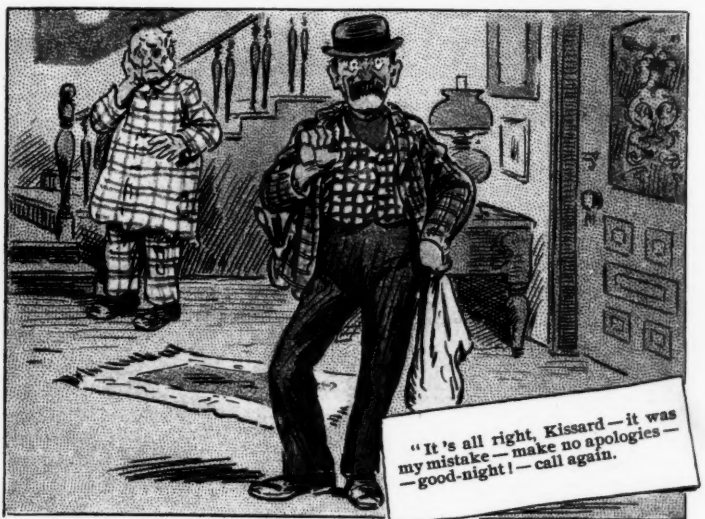
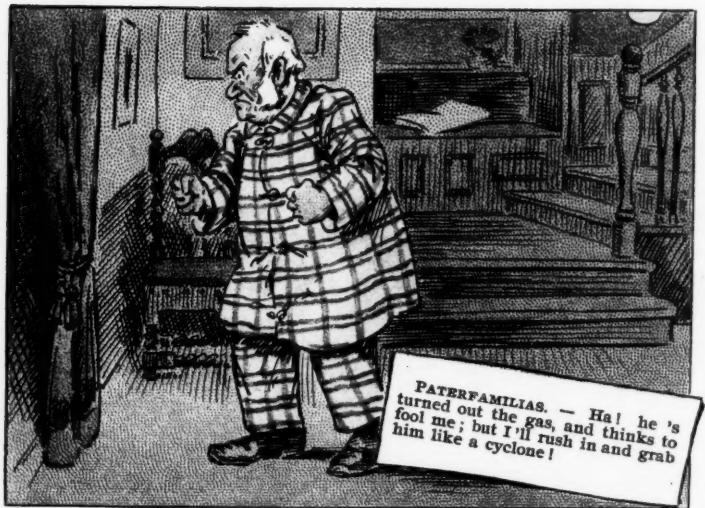
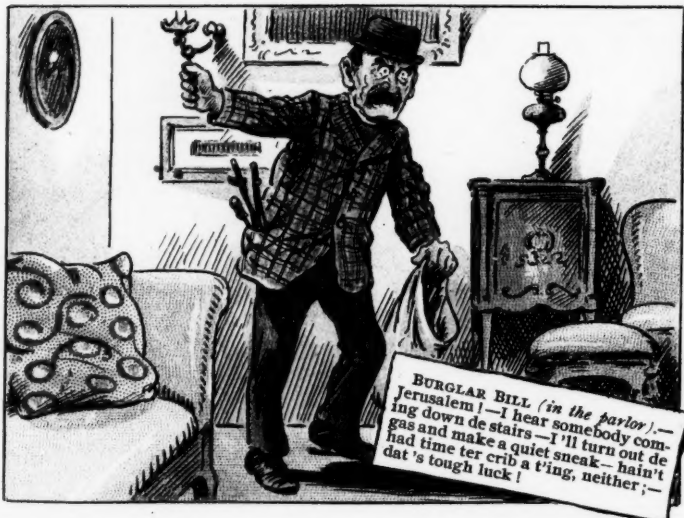
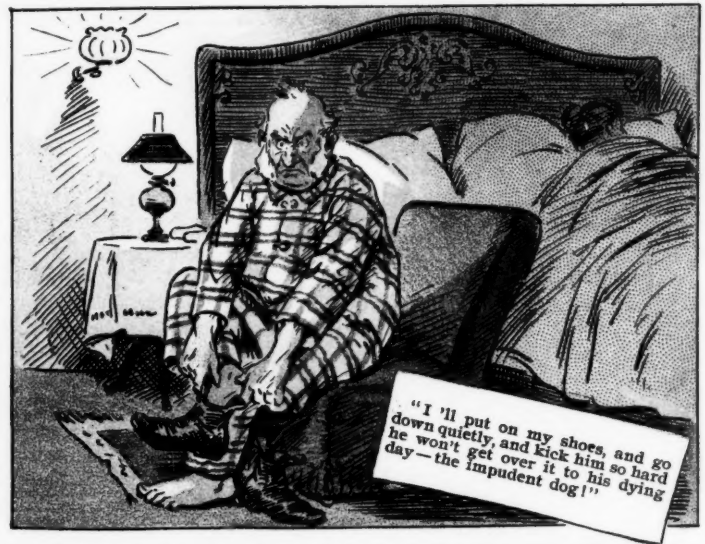
1897 Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD \$75 to all alike.

| | |
|----------------------------------|----|
| 1897 Hartfords, | 50 |
| Hartfords, Pattern 2, | 45 |
| Hartfords, Pattern 1, | 40 |
| Hartfords, Patterns 5 and 6, . . | 30 |

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

MOST PERFECT BLOCK SIGNALS — ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL



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